

• The **FOUR** **WAYS To** **Freedom**

Adept

LESSON EIGHT

Yogin

Monk

In The Series:

THE INVISIBLE REALITY
BEHIND APPEARANCES

The WAY of The

Faquer

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THE FOUR WAYS TO FREEDOM

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THE FOUR WAYS TO FREEDOM

By Riley Hansard Crabb

Adapted from talks on the Kabala of
the Western Mystery Tradition given
at Morongo Valley, California.

This could also be titled the Four Ways of Spiritual Nutrition, or the Four Ways of Holiness. We may as well start off with a quotation from Gurdjieff, about the Four Ways or Paths. "You can only obtain knowledge from one who possesses it."

He told this to his classes in occult science in Moscow and St. Petersburg, Russia back in 1915 or 1916. This must be understood from the beginning. If you would break through the Veil of ignorance which surrounds you, and has surrounded you since you were born, you must have help from someone who has been through it, consciously.

You can live in the world, life after life, and never even dream that escapes are available -- until you run into someone who knows, and can take you through. Perhaps escape isn't the proper word, seeing that the world in itself is holy, but there are millions of people on the earth who would like to get off, right now! They are so disgusted with it they don't want ever to come back again.

But to make the escape in the proper fashion, or according to law, you have to have a body or vehicle of consciousness for each of the Four Worlds of the Kabala: Spiritual, Mental, Astral or Emotional, and Physical. They must be fully developed. If you try to make your escape before this Great Work is completed, you'll be thrown back into it again to complete your training.

Immortality, true immortality of the kind exemplified by the ascended Christ, comes only with the full development of the Spiritual body. You must build a vehicle, a Body of Light, which carries consciousness over from one life to the next, or from one level of consciousness to another. Such a vehicle is not given to you. You have to build it through lives of service and dedication. When you achieve this and have full consciousness through all the planes, you have at-

one-ment of all your vehicles. You have built a Body of Light. It is made of imperishable, immortal atoms. You have learned to transfer your consciousness into that Body at will.

I believe this was what Paul or Apollonius was referring to in Corinthians 1:15:44: "It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body."

THE PHYSICAL IS THE BASE

You can get to the point or place of building this only after the correct sequence of development. The interesting things about these four vehicles of consciousness is that they can be developed only in the physical body! This is the best place to work on them, the struggle for life, in the flesh. Each must be made responsive to your will.

Of course, having done a lot of work on these vehicles of consciousness in past lives, you bring them back with you. This is the way the occultist accounts for the very exceptional person, the old soul with many talents. For example there is the 12-year old Lili Gantzel, violin prodigy featured in a recent "Newsweek" magazine. She is playing the great violin concertoes with symphony orchestras. Lili gets up every morning at six and practices for two hours. Are you getting up at six every morning and meditating for half an hour?

To be a musical artist Lili knows she must practice every day. If you expect to be an artist of mental power, of magick -- what is the definition of Magick? It is the art of making changes in consciousness at will. Skill in this requires daily, five-finger exercises of the mind.

All of these four bodies must be cultivated under favorable conditions. Now a man or woman may deceive himself or herself, or they may deceive others, that they have developed astral, mental and spiritual bodies. How many priests and ministers have you known, for instance, who thought they had their spiritual bodies developed and functioning and made others believe it, too; until they became involved in some kind of a scandal. Then their parishioners realized that they weren't what they seemed at all!

Then our advanced civilization has Third Race, primitive Lemurian types born among us. These young souls haven't lived enough lives to develop a mental body yet. To all outward appearances they look as complete as anyone else but they just cant be educated. Our next-door neighbors had a son who looked like any ordinary American teen-ager. He can do physical things well in athletics, drive a car, work with his hands; but he can scarcely read or write. There is no thinking mind

there to work with yet. All the school system can do is pass this type along with the rest of the kids his age and get him out of the way -- a kindergartner thrust by the forces of evolution among eighth graders.

You cannot tell just by looking at a person or even by what he is doing, that he is ready for the Fourth Way. There are college professors who don't have well-developed mental bodies. They are only going by the book, parrots, repeating what they have been taught by others.

THE SPIRITUAL BODY

The spiritual body of the awakened man or woman governs the other three. The lower bodies are then controlled by the will. When you get to the point in evolution where your physical life is directed by this higher consciousness, it does not matter what happens to you in the way of pain, frustration or tragedy, you will push on toward your self-chosen goals. You are independent of accident.

If you have had several lifetimes as a Faqeer -- the First Way in which the physical will is developed to an inordinate degree -- you will be able to turn off pain. This is a quality of the really advanced man or woman, a part of their immortality. This quality, the control of pain, is completely unknown and unsuspected by the average man or woman.

THE FOUR WAYS

All of the great religions have some aspects of the Four Ways in their teachings, especially in the disciplines of their priesthoods; so we can classify their material in these groupings. These are the Ways by which man's possibilities are developed along spiritual -- not worldly -- lines.

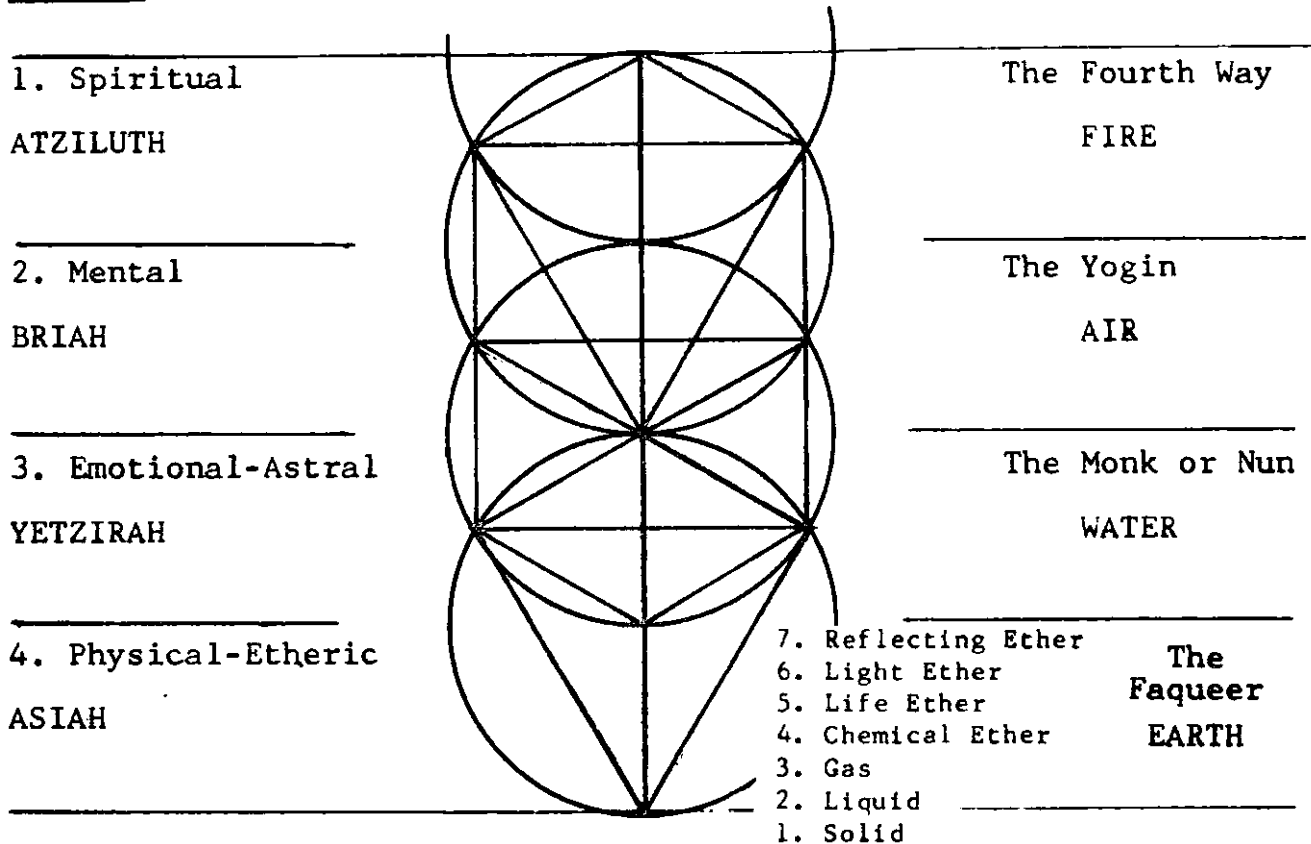
There is the way of the Faqeer -- I prefer the French spelling because the English spelling, f, a, k, i, r, is too much like our word faker. A genuine Faqeer is no faker!

When a man who is devoted to and trained in this First Way lies on a bed of spikes, supporting a great weight, and suffers no pain, no loss of blood, this is for real. In fact, as a student of the Mysteries, this is one of the powers you must develop. It would be more correct to say you must bring this power out again; for you have developed it in the past. Everyone of us in this group here, at some time or other, has followed the Path of the Faqeer and developed our physical will. On the Tree of Life of the Kabala this power is an aspect of Assiah, the lowest of the Four Worlds, the physical.

THE FOUR WORLDS OF THE KABALIST

Chart I

The Tree of Life



The Second Way or Path is the Way of the Monk or Nun, the emotional way, the way of devotion. The Third Way is the way of the Yogin, the mental occultist. This is Laya or mental yoga. The Fourth Way is the Way which rounds up all the rest. That is the Way which we are following here.

In the Christian teachings, the Way of the Faqueer is the way of the carnal body. The astral way is the way of the natural body. What the Bible calls the spiritual body is really what we call the soul or mental body, and what we call the Spiritual, the Bible calls Divine. The four levels are there in the Bible and they are named.

UNBALANCED DEVELOPMENT

The great challenge of the Faqueer -- or to the Faqueer -- is to subdue the physical body. In concentrating on this he leaves the others undeveloped. Now he thinks his goal is spiritual and it is, but he leaves this great gap of no astral or mental development in his life. So he has to come back in later

and complete his development. By concentrating on the physical he has no constructive use for what he has learned, no goal. He is of no help to anyone else -- unless someone on the higher Paths takes him in hand -- if he isn't too far gone -- and begins to teach him to develop his emotions and his mind.

If the Faqueer does get into higher, more constructive endeavors in that life, then he does have a powerful physical will to carry him through in whatever he wants to do. We are not familiar with the conventional Faqueer type in our civilization because we don't have temples to which these characters can attach themselves. But we can see examples of them in our professional athletes -- pro football especially, and in the circus. One famous American "faqueer" who comes to mind is the stage magician, Harry Houdini.

HOW DO THEY GET THAT WAY?

The would-be devotee of the First Way is usually born in a time and place where there are Faqueers already. There are temples in India and outside of them you will find these show-offs. The young Indian sees them. One will be lying on a bed of spikes, or in some contorted position. Another will be staring fixedly into the sun. His eyes were burned out years before, but this demonstrates his physical will, his domination of his body.

Something in this form or behavior attracts the young Indian so he hangs around, becomes a pupil or devotee of this Faqueer. He helps to bathe him, feed him, because in many cases the Faqueer cannot take care of himself! He gets locked in to his contorted position. He has glorified begging into showmanship.

The Faqueer has no real teacher; he just follows the example of other Faqueers he sees, creating his own variation or routine. In doing this he develops in himself a certain vital fluid which helps him to carry on his purpose. This vital fluid was called the Breath of Cybele by the Phrygian priesthood. Call it mana, or prana, if you like.

THE WAY OF THE EMOTIONS

The Second Way, the Way of the Monk or Nun, is the way of religious sacrifice. This has been by far the most popular Way in our Western civilization. In fact this is the only way that is offered publicly -- that most people know about -- the way of religious mysticism. The religious devotee concentrates on his emotional body. He or she practices a self-torturing asceticism. In the Monk or Nun one of the most important parts of this self-torturing asceticism is the denial of sex. This

creates tremendous problems and conflicts within the person, as you can imagine. This is the daily, nightly cross they carry, trying to divert this generative force, sublimate it, into the higher channels, without making use of the normal outlet for it.

In doing this the body and the mind of the religious devotee can remain undeveloped, as he concentrates entirely on his love and devotion to the Master, or the God. In this case unity of all the bodies or levels of consciousness is not achieved either -- unless he becomes both a Faqueer and a Yogin. This latter asks of the monk or nun mental development, which seems like a sacrilege, because it disturbs the flow of love from the heart center. For the monk to ask himself why he loves the Master would be to question his faith!

ABSOLUTE FAITH

Whereas the Faqueer has no teacher, the Monk and the Yogin do. They forsake the world, give up everything in their devotion to their superior or guru. The monk has absolute faith in bishop or lama, as the case may be.

The Third Way is the way of knowledge, of the mind; but if the yogin concentrates only on mental development and practices in this life, he may leave his physical, astral and spiritual undeveloped, concentrating only on the practice of the techniques.

This is the state India was in 2600 years ago when Sakya Muni came to manhood. He was horrified at the emphasis on ritual and the neglect of the people; so, as all Saviors before him and since, he emphasized good works as the way of salvation or deliverance, through balanced development all bodies on all planes of consciousness.

The Yogin may have tremendous knowledge of occult techniques, but he cant do anything practical or useful with it, only self-glorification, self-gratification. The Faqueer may have tremendous power, but no knowledge and no love. All he can say is, follow me.

Like the Monk or the Nun, the Yogin cannot do anything without a teacher. He must imitate his teacher, like the Faqueer; and he must believe in his teacher, like the Monk. Eventually, the Yogin does become his own teacher.

One characteristic common to all three of these first three Ways is this. All three demand a complete change in the way of life. You must give up the world completely and throw yourself into the Way entirely, if you would become a Faqueer, a Monk or

a Yogin. The very first step you must give up your family, your home, all your worldly goods; because all of these Three Ways require that you get into special conditions, either into a cloister or retreat of some kind -- or out into the desert here like some of your exclusive or reclusive neighbors. (Laughter from the group.)

It is true that for spiritual development there is always this desire to withdraw, to some degree, from the turmoil and pressures of worldly life. These are the only ways, these four Ways for the development of hidden spiritual powers; and they do set you apart from the ordinary man or woman.

And another thing, they seem to be against Nature. For instance, normally we should take care of our bodies and keep them in good shape for the work we want to do; but in these Ways the body is abused, deliberately, to achieve control over it, dominance of it.

"TAKE UP THY CROSS AND FOLLOW ME"

The thing is, when you choose one of these Ways and walk it, you are recognizing and accepting the idea that there is another way of life than the ordinary way. This other way has a special set of laws and regulations and you are abiding by them. But they do lead to immortality, eventually; and this is what the divine in us wants: Mastery of the Physical.

What about the Fourth Way? The Fourth Way is the way we are teaching in the class. The Fourth Way does not require withdrawing from worldly life. No renunciation. No leaving of home and family. No special forms. No peculiar clothing or haircuts. No begging bowl -- and, as in the case of the Indian Faqueer, no going around naked, to show off to the world that you have absolutely no worldly possessions.

The Fourth Way is found amid the ordinary circumstances of daily life. You start where you are. This is where your tests start. This is why the man of the world misses it completely. If you are in the Fourth Way and supporting a family, holding down a daily job to earn your living, you are almost indistinguishable from anyone else. This is your safety, considering what you are doing.

The conditions for the Fourth Way are within you. You work from the center outward. What is your goal in the Fourth Way? Understanding. Realization, as symbolized by the fourth Tarot Trump, gives you the answers to the basic questions of life: Who am I? Where did I come from? Why am I here? Where am I going?

Interestingly enough, in contradistinction to the Monk, faith can be a hindrance on the Fourth Way. Here you are not supposed

to accept anything on faith, anything your teacher says, because he says it. You prove the law by living it. This principle was spelled out so clearly over four hundred years ago by Sir Francis Bacon in his philosophical writings. He, by the way, is the prime example of the Fourth Way for us in the Western world, more so than the Master Jesus.

Your Fourth Way teacher may suggest that you try out your God-like powers in certain ways, but if they don't work for you -- forget it! The things you know and use are supposed to be proven by you in practice. The search for Truth doesn't require faith, it only requires an open mind and the desire to learn. It isn't necessary to believe everything, in occult science, but it is necessary to look at everything, from four directions -- another reason for our use and emphasis of the Kabalistic Cross.



Among the Tarot trumps we choose No. 4, the Emperor, as representative of the Fourth Way. His throne of power and authority is a cube. The four sides of the cube represent the four cosmic forces we see manifested on earth as Earth, Water, Fire and Air. The Fourth Way leads the student of the occult to dominion over them. The fifth element, Aether, would be represented by the top and bottom of the cube -- perhaps better understood as the point within the circle around which the other four revolve. If you don't know your Tarot, the fourth trump key word is: Realization.

We use a Tarot deck painted and printed right here in California, in 1929, by a 33° Mason, Augustus Knapp.

The rituals we use as Kabalists are designed to draw on all of these elements and to build them into us, in a balanced way. All the bodies are and should be affected in the Fourth Way. Rituals can be individualized for each student. The literature from which these formulae can be derived and built up is scattered throughout your civilization. This is deliberate on the part of the Fourth Way teachers. No one book could contain it all anyhow; besides that, it would be too easy; so as you make your way along this Path, bits and pieces of necessary information will be brought to you. Out of this you will synthesize your own version of the Divine Wisdom. There

are no authorities. Perhaps I should say there is no one authority. There are teachers.

THE OCCULT VISUAL AIDS

One of the most honorable and ancient teaching systems in the Western Tradition is the Tarot, especially the 22 trumps. When Mrs. Crabb and I began digging into it a few years ago we expected to be told the exact placement and significance of each card, on the Tree of Life, for instance. We found to our surprise that there is no agreement among the "authorities" on this. We had to abandon that approach and depend on our own inner inspiration to make good use of the system.

Here's a good example of what I mean. It just happens that there are 22 letters to the Hebrew alphabet. There are also 22 Tarot trump cards. And there are 22 Paths on the Tree of Life, as you know. So it is natural that some Kabbalists looked for a link between each letter, each trump, and each Path on the Tree -- not to mention the Astrological links of planet and constellation. This is a wonderful exercise of the imagination and the intuition. I recommend it to you; but don't expect complete agreement among those Kabbalists who tried it and left a written record of their experiments.

Some Tarot decks have no Hebrew letters on them at all, and even the traditional sequence of the cards -- the Trumps -- may be arbitrary!

For a traditional deck I favor the crude Marseilles pack but my personal choice is the Knapp deck because of the beauty and color of his paintings, and because he was a Californian like myself.

I have chosen four Tarot trumps to represent the Four Ways. There is only one that could represent the Earth Path of the Faqeer, and that is the Fool. Here you see yourself in your earlier lives -- and perhaps in this one! -- trudging doggedly along, staff in hand, your troubles burdening your shoulder in a bag, cares and worries biting and snapping at your heels as the dog at the left. Before you the crocodile with gaping jaws suggests the hidden, elemental forces of the deep -- your own subconscious -- threatening to con-



O LE FOU ♀

sume you long before you reach your self-chosen goals. Your eyes are hopefully on them, far ahead in the distance. The rough-hewn timber along the shore is your "tower of babel", your fallen earthly ambitions.

It's a marvelous teaching system, the Tarot, wonderfully flexible in illustrating abstract ideas and concepts. The trumps are certainly recommended as meditation aids, subjects for concentration. Memorize them. Develop the visualizing power of the mind, and also put yourself in touch with the earthly, solar and cosmic forces they represent.

THE BREATH OF CYBELE

All four ways are concerned with concentrating Astral fluid, etheric energy within the physical system. Once concentrated this power can be directed toward useful goals. The difference between the four ways is the amount of time it takes to accumulate charges of energy.

To develop huge quantities of this Breath of Cybele the Faqueer may go through hideous self-tortures for a month, working blindly, imitating others.

The Monk or Nun might go through a week of self-torturing prostrations, flagellations, prayers, and so on, to develop the same amount of extra energy.

The Yogin may produce the same amount of astral fluid in a day, with his rhythmic breathings, chantings, and visualizings of his gods and demons.

But the man or woman on the Fourth Way may produce the same quantity of mana, prana -- extra energy -- in a moment. Quite a difference, isn't there? Instantaneous healing of another person would be an example of Fourth Way power. One taps the All-pervading, Ever-Present Consciousness of the Creator merely with a change of mind. There is no time, no space if you are in tune with That all the time, the eternal Here and Now.

But to tell you exactly how to do this, I cannot say. All I can do is talk about as far as I've gone; or how far Mrs. Crabb and I have gone along the Fourth Way.

One reason the Fourth Way person can work so quickly is because he knows what substances are needed in a particular case, or where they can be obtained. He probably already has developed a strong working relationship with the elemental forces that actually do the work. Much of this kind of this kind of information is picked up in the yoga studies of the Third Way, in Tantric Buddhism in the East, and the Kabala of the West. The Fourth Way is the synthesis of all that went before.

We have chosen the first Tarot trump, The Magician, to represent the Third Way of the Yogin or Kabalist. I believe the literal meaning of the French title for this card, Le Bateleur, is The Juggler. But this is not stage magic. It symbolizes the actual manipulation of the Four Forces of Nature, the Elements, by ritual magic. He points to the earth with his right hand, from which power comes, but the Caduceus in his left hand points to the heavens, from which comes the guidance and control of that power. On the table before him are the appurtenances of the Magician, Wand, Cup, Sword and Pentacles. The horizontal figure 8 of his hat is a well known symbol of infinity. Neither the Faqueer whose activities we are about to describe next, nor the Monk, have this kind of power of themselves for it takes a developed mind.



1 LE BATELEUR 8

THE FIRST WAY, PHYSICAL WILL

Some of the most interesting and detailed material on the Way of the Faqueer is in Louis Jacoillot's "Occult Science in India and Among the Ancients". This was written back in 1866, over a hundred years ago. It was published in French in 1875 and in English in 1884. It was republished recently by the Mystic Arts Book Society, the edition from which we draw our quotes.

Jacoillot was Chief Justice for the French courts in Pondicherry, India when it was a French protectorate. He had a strong, keen legal mind of the best kind. Perhaps he was not an atheist, but certainly an agnostic. He was thoroughly disgusted with organized priesthoods before he came to India, being too familiar with the corruption and greed of the Roman Catholic Church in France. He knew how the priests held people in slavery. When he got to India he found that the Brahmins were doing the same thing to the Hindus.

So his approach to the magick of the Brahmins was that of a hardened sceptic. He had to be shown. He also prided himself on being a scientist, with no belief in life after death or the existence of spirits. None of that jazz. The only kind of magic he had seen in France was stage magic, charlatanry, performed with elaborate preparations for deception.

watching his show are asked to furnish the necessary articles. He brings nothing with him except his hidden powers, no magick-
al apparatus of any kind, and he will repeat the experiments as often and as long as you want him to. This can go on for

onstrations of their art by Faqueers in India. At the same time he was studying the philosophy of the Brahmins, comparing it to the Kabalistic teachings of the Western Mystery Tradition. This required the learning of Sanskrit and of Tamil, the language of South India where the judge was stationed.

PLAYTHING OF THE GODS

In my estimation, this activity on his part brought him to the attention of the Mahatmas of the Himalayas. Perhaps Jacolliot's Higher Self agreed to this program before his birth. Anyhow, he became a part of the attempt by the Occult Hierarchy to soften the harshness of Western scientific materialism by bringing selected Westerners face to face with the cold facts of undisputable psychic phenomena. And while Jacolliot's materialism was being shaken in India, D.D. Home was astounding such savants as William Crookes and others in London!

We might mention a third Westerner who was being conditioned to Eastern philosophy and magick at this time, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky. This lady of great intellectual courage and indomitable will was making a first-hand study of Tibetan lamaism in the Himalayas. She was not just an observer, but a practitioner of the magickal arts of the East! The same year that the French judge published his findings in Paris, 1875, Blavatsky founded the Theosophical Society in New York City.

Jacolliot was honest enough to admit that the characteristics of the Faqueers were totally different from those of the magicians of France. The man in the first stage of the Way -- in India at least -- performs only for small groups and never for pay -- though he expects the spectator or spectators to make an offering to his Temple. In fact this is what he is doing, making money for his Temple.

The Faqueers Jacolliot writes about had no assistants. They wore no clothing except a G-string; thus there was no possibility of their concealing on themselves with which to perform their phenomena. The Faqueer's magician's wand is a little, seven-jointed bamboo stick about as large as a pencil. This he carries clipped to his hair. He has no pockets. He cant carry anything on him. The bamboo stick is a symbol of his initiation. He also carries a little whistle clipped to his hair. Otherwise, he is naked.

He operates either standing or sitting, using any available subjects for hypnosis, and any available substances for demonstrations. He has nothing especially prepared. People

days and days. The Faqueer has nowhere to go, no earthly obligations except to his Temple or Pagoda. This he serves with total dedication and obedience.

"LIKE BIRDS IN THE RICE FIELDS"

One day at noon, at siesta time, when Louis Jacolliot was free for several hours, his valet announced a visitor, a Faqueer. The judge observed the lean, bony frame of the Hindu, but especially the eyes, half dead, which Louis could compare only to the "motionless, green orbes of a large, deep-water shark". The human light overshadowed by an elemental force?

The Faqueer bowed slightly with hands together at forehead.

"Saranai aya. It is I, Salvanadin-Odear, son of Canagarayan Odear. May the immortals watch over your days," said the Faqueer in Tamil.

"Salam, Salvanadin-Odear, son of Canagarayan-Odear," replied Jacolliot in Tamil. "May you die upon the sacred banks of the Tircangey, and may that transformation be your last."

"The guru of the pagoda said to me this morning, go and glean at random, like the birds in the rice-fields; and Ganesa, the god of travellers, has led me to your house."

Ganesa, in this case, was probably one of the Mahatmas of the Himalayas guiding Salvanadin's footsteps.

"You are welcome," replied Louis.

"What do you want of me?"

"You are said to possess the faculty of communicating movement to inert bodies without touching them. I should like to see a specimen of your power."

"Salvanadin-Odear has no such power; he merely evokes spirits, who lend him their aid."

Here is a bit of humility which should serve as a warning and an admonition to those conceited occultists, who think that all power is from within them.

"Well," replied Jacolliot, "let Salvanadin-Odear evoke the spirits, and show me what they can do."

The Faqueer squatted down, and asked for seven small flower pots, seven little sticks and seven leaves from any tree. A servant brought them and, at the Faqueer's request, arranged a stick upright in each pot, with one fig leaf impaled on each

stick and resting on the earth in the pot. The Faqueer, sitting or squatting about six feet away from this array of material, clasps his hands above his head and chants:

"May all the powers that watch over the intellectual principles of life and over the principle of matter protect me from the wrath of evil spirits (pistachas), and may the immortal spirit which has three forms (mahatatridandi, the trinity), shield me from the vengeance of Yama."

Salvanadin goes into a sort of ecstasy, stretches out his hands toward the seven pots, and continues chanting under his breath. Minutes pass. Louis is startled by a sudden breeze which ruffles his hair; yet there was no breeze coming into the room.

It took 15 minutes for the Faqueer and his guiding spirits to generate enough power to lift the fig leaves up along the sticks and let them fall again. The judge was amazed and moved closer to witness the phenomenon as it happened a second time. He moved between the Faqueer and the pots to see if, somehow, threads were being pulled to affect the leaves. No threads, and the leaves continued to rise and fall.

Then he asked the Faqueer if he might arrange the display himself. This was readily agreed to. So Louis ordered seven goblets from the kitchen, fresh earth, fig leaves and bamboo sticks from the garden, and set them up himself. He moves the Faqueer back another six feet from the display, but in five minutes the leaves are rising and falling again without any physical aid from anyone.

The still unbelieving Frenchman asks if earth is a necessary part of the trick? No, not necessary. So he has one of the servants drill seven holes in a board, in which the bamboo sticks could be placed upright, with fig leaves impaled on them. Within a few moments the leaves are rising and falling again. Stubbornly, Jacolliot kept on, making 20 different arrangements in two hours. With infinite patience the Faqueer continued to channel the Breath of Cybele, the prana, by which the fig leaves were made to rise and fall on the sticks.

At last Salvanadin posed a question to the disturbed Westerner. "Is there some question you wish to put to the invisible spirits before they go?"

The ouiji board idea came to his mind. He had a set of little zinc letters on copper plates. These could be arranged for rubber stamping his name in the books in his library. They would also serve as random "draws" to test the power and reality of Salvanadin's powers. The Faqueer urged him on without hesitation.

"Ask anything you please, the leaves will remain still if the spirits have nothing to say. If, on the contrary, those who guide them have any communications to make, they will move upward along the sticks."

VOICE FROM THE GRAVE

Jacolliot put his alphabet of little metal letters into a bag. He thought of the name of a friend who had passed on 20 years before.

The Faqueer resumed his invocation position.

Jacolliot brought out lettered and numbered blocks, one by one, calling them off. 14 were called before the leaves moved. It was the letter A, the first letter of Jacolliot's friend's name, Albain. The judge was startled, then really shocked as letter by letter and number by number, the rising and falling leaves spelled out correctly the name and date of birth: "Albain Brunier, died at Bourg-en-bresse (Ain) January 3, 1856."

This was really quite an achievement in telepathy. It left Jacolliot stunned. With a substantial donation to the Faqueer's pagoda no doubt, the First Way devotee was dismissed but asked to return next day for another demonstration. The Frenchman's long education in Eastern magick had begun. He needed time to think this over. All the fixed ideas, values, by which he guided himself through life had been shaken.

He wasn't convinced. He didn't believe the Faqueer's explanation of how and why the phenomenon had been accomplished, with the help of spirits, overshadowed by the gods; but this bullheaded Frenchman was determined to find the answer; so the Faqueer came back, 14 days in a row! Doing the same phenomenon over, and over, and over again, until Louis finally had to admit to himself that here was a "natural force of which we are as yet ignorant".

Much to his disgust, Louis could find no evidence of fraud.

For a different test of power on the last day, Jacolliot had a large pair of balance scales set up in his home there in Pondicherry. He doesn't say whether it was himself or a servant, but a weight of 170 pounds was placed on one side. The Faqueer plucked an ostrich feather from a vase of feathers nearby, placed that on the other side of the balance scale. The 170 pound weight levitated to where the scales were in balance. How could the Frenchman deny the reality, the validity of this experiment? He had set it up himself. And the prestidigitator who performed it was completely naked. No

pockets, no hidden apparatus, no assistants, no pre-preparation. It was utterly ridiculous; yet there it was. Louis could only guess that the emaciated Hindu emanated from himself some invisible fluid to perform these feats. He wasn't yet ready to admit the possibility of helpful spirits, even though the Faqueer performed one final spectacular before leaving the house.

GHOSTLY HANDS

He picked up the feather crown from which the scale-balancing feather had been plucked, and caused the crown to float in the air. This was in full daylight, of course; and shadowy hands drew luminous figures in the air; and vague, ghostly sounds assailed Jacolliot's ears.

His duties were such at that time that he could not continue this fascinating study of Hindu magick. He would have to wait until he could take an extended vacation, in the Holy City of Benares, to the north; for he wrote, "I am convinced there are in nature and in man who is a part of nature immense forces the laws of which are as yet unknown to us."

For whom was Jacolliot speaking, himself? Certainly not for the Eastern scientists of the occult who had known of and used these "immense forces" for thousands of years, largely to keep their people in slavery.

He was encouraged to continue his researches into the occult because the Royal Society in London had published in its Journal an article on psychic research by William Crookes. If English scientists took it seriously, it would be no embarrassment to him to look into it and write about it.

"Who knows whether this psychic force, as the English call it -- this force of the Ego, according to the Hindus, which the humble Faqueer exhibited in my presence, will not be shown to be one of the grandest forces in nature?"

D.D. HOME

The English "faqueer" who amazed William Crookes was Daniel Douglas Home. This was a man born with psychokinetic powers, and to whom the fantastic exhibitions came spontaneously. He couldn't explain them, or how or why he did them! In our view, Home had been a disciple of one of the Mahatmas of the Himalayas in previous lives. He probably volunteered for the mission in this one -- though all memory of that was blotted out when the soul attached itself to the young baby body.

Lord Lindsay wrote of his experiences with Home in 1871: "I was sitting with Mr. Home and Lord Adare and a cousin of his. During the sitting Mr. Home went into a trance, and in

that state was carried out the window in the room next to where we were, and was brought in at our window. The distance between the windows was about seven feet six inches, and there was not the slightest foothold between them, nor was there more than a twelve-inch projection to each window, which served as a ledge to put flowers on. We heard the window in the next room lifted up, and almost immediately after we saw Home floating in air outside our window."

This particular sitting took place on the third floor of the building. Spectators in the street outside must have had quite a shock to see Home's entranced form floating out and in the windows above them! While in the conscious state Home performed other faquerisms. Crookes wrote of Home picking up red hot coals from the fireplace with his bare hands, and handling them as though there were no heat there at all, to him, and no burns afterward, of course. So the Mahatmas saw to it that incredulous Londoners were exposed to psychic phenomena just as dramatic and unexplainable as those being seen and recorded by Jacolliot in India. The civilized world must be prepared for the next great step forward in expanded consciousness, from the Third to the Fourth Dimension, but on a scientific, rather than a religious, basis.

A CHAT WITH DOUGLAS HOME IN 1948

For the moment we turn to the remarkable mediumship of Mark Probert in San Diego, California and the records of hundreds of sittings, from 1946 through 1968. It was during the seance of Tuesday evening, July 6, 1948 that Home took over Mark's body and had chat with the sitters. (From BSRA No. 9-B)

"Good evening. I am Douglas Home."

"You are more than welcome. It is an honor to have you here," replied Meade Layne, founder-director of BSRA.

"Thank you. I am so fascinated, so pleased to be able to sit in on a meeting, and speak here in the wonderful United States. Years ago I made a tour; I visited in many parts of this wonderful country and demonstrated my psychic ability, but I was hardly understood by anyone."

"That has often been the case," said Meade.

"Too often. I tried many times to find out from other mediums and those that claimed to be mediums, what they were doing and what the force was. Never once have I had an intelligent answer; at least none that appealed to me, sir. This force for handling fire is an emanation from the body; it is an insulator, but what name to put on it so that science today can say, 'this

is such and such'."

"Do you think it is the same force as that used by the Hawaiian Kahunas and other fire-walkers and magicians?"

"I am sure that it is, sir. Now in some they have to work this force out of themselves by chant, by prayer and meditation. As for me, I was what you Americans call a 'natural' -- born with it."

"Can it be described in terms of anything we know?" asked Meade.

"It can be described as a grade of ectoplasm, but an extremely fine grade -- not visible."

"A perfect non-conductor?" asked Meade.

"Exactly so," replied Home. "There is no other force or material substance that can act as such a non-conductor."

"The Tibetan magicians who insulate themselves against freezing temperatures -- are they using the same force?"

"That is the same force. Now, as you were speaking about genius (with Lao Tse, the control who preceded Home), I believe without any immodesty I can say I was a genius in my own field, and I am sure I was born with it."

"Can you go further? Have you any idea how or why any one person should be born with it?"

"I do not think I can say more than Lao Tse said -- that it is sensitiveness to your self," replied Home.

"Do you think it is in any way hereditary or inheritable?"

"I do not think so, sir, because while living I observed where so-called sensitives were born into families that had no other known sensitives for generations -- in fact I could discover none."

"Would you say it is somewhat in the nature of what is called a biological sport?"

"I would think so, sir. I still think, however, that if framed in proper words it can be more clearly explained. If anyone can do this, I am sure that your friend and mine, Lao Tse, can do it."

"But you, sir, possessed the power yourself; your comments

are invaluable."

"True -- well, later -- or no, perhaps now! In the mind of a genius there is a knowing of what he is doing or attempting to do, which is precisely the same as your knowing that you are going to arise from that chair. It is automatic. They know without question -- but to say how they know, that I cannot answer."

"It is an intuitive conviction rather than intellectual knowledge?"

"Yes, man can break any law because he makes all laws."

"And yet the compelling drive of genius seems to be superior to his wish and his volition -- a call which must be obeyed."

"You could not have said better," observed Home. "Had I wanted to, taking my own case, I could not have stopped handling fire without being burned. The same goes for levitation. You are creating an expanding force around yourself by thought."

"Yet you do not seem to be making your own laws," said Meade. "You seem to be caught up in the rush of cosmic energy -- especially those we call sensitives."

"Yes," replied Home, "but it is because the individual is sensitive to that force, to that Cosmic Mind beyond and above. Now it stands to reason that if one human being can accomplish these things, why not all?"

"That indeed was our original question," said Meade.

"Yes. Man is born equal only because he comes from the same source; however, when he enters the physical world his equality ceases."

"Does it not cease long before that, sir?"

"Not entirely," said Home. "There is a greater equality in the spirit world than in the physical one."

"Most of the inequality, then, is to be attributed to the physical organism?"

"Yes. As you may know, no two bodies function in the same manner. They are, therefore, incapable of producing the same energies and same forces; or if they do, it will be in different amounts and quantities."

"Much has been made in these seances," said Meade, "of the

freedom of the individual, of his making his own laws -- and yet it seems to me that he is hedged in at every turn by cosmic forces outside his own making."

"Mostly, I believe, because he is incapable of knowing how to govern these forces by concentration and meditation," replied Home. "You see, I did not, myself, know much about such subjects. The mind is the ruling power."

"Its control is potential rather than actual. But we understand your point, sir," said Meade.

"You will please pardon me a little while and I shall return. I am so pleased to be here."

"We hope you will come again and again."

"Thank you, I shall. I intend to come back this evening if I may," said Home, and withdrew.

There is no record in the seances that Home did return that evening, or any other time. His physical life was lived from 1833 to 1886. In his introduction to that particular session Layne wrote: "He never took money, for seances failed as often as not. He was proud of his gift but not happy in it. He had the entree to the most aristocratic circles in Europe, was welcomed in the houses of our own and foreign nobility, was a frequent guest at the Tuilleries, and had been received by the King of Prussia and the Czar. Sir William Crookes bore witness to Home's character and integrity; he was never 'exposed' nor even threatened by any serious charge of fraud. He objected to dark seances (apparently all his were in bright light, as were those of the Faqueers whom Jacolliot studied), and refused to believe in anything he had not seen for himself. . . ."

THE CROSS CROOKES CARRIED

But Sir William was charged with fraud, and subjected to all kinds of scepticism and ridicule for trying to get his scientific observations of psychic phenomena accepted by his colleagues and the public. Furthermore, he was accused of having an affair with Florie Cook. This girl, a materializing medium, was brought into Cooke's home as a maid. There he could observe psychic phenomena at first hand under conditions with which he was totally familiar, as did Jacolliot in India.

When Crookes set out on his "pilgrimage" to prove the reality or unreality of psychic phenomena. The English press hailed him as the hero who would lay to rest for once and all time the frauds of the seance room. But when, in all honesty and scientific objectivity, he presented his evidence to the contrary, he

was crucified with public scorn and ridicule. His colleagues in the scientific world wouldn't even let him present his findings! What utter nonsense!

So thorough was Crookes that to get photographic proof of materializations in his home, he had five different cameras set up, with five different photographers. Each photographer had his own dark room and processing equipment, working independently of the others. Needless to say, the cameras confirmed what Crookes and his fellow observers saw, full physical materializations of human beings. Katie King, the control, allowed herself to be embraced by Crookes, the better to convince him of her temporary physical solidity, using the borrowed life-forces of the entranced maid.

At right is a copy of Crookes pictures, from Dr. W. D. Chesney's article on Katie King in the July 1953 issue of "Fate" magazine.

This one shows Florie Cook in trance in the foreground, her head on a chair. Upright behind her in an ectoplasm shrouded form is the figure of Katie King.

Portraits of Katie King during this remarkable series of seances in 1874 show her to be quite a different person from the medium. She had many conversations with Crookes during the series.

No doubt, Katie was a disciple of the Mahatmas of the Himalayas and Florie must have had karmic connections with them also. None of these meetings happen by



chance, though unawakened mortals continually marvel at "fortunate occurrences". How many lifetimes does it take for a human being to finally learn that his own creative imagination sets the scene for most of the daily events of his life -- aided and abetted by the overshadowing presence of "men beyond mankind".

THE MAHATMAS PROPHECY

Crookes began his serious psychic researches in the summer of 1869. It wasn't long before he found that few of his friends and most of his colleagues had little enthusiasm for this project. He wrote to one friend that he was in danger of being "shut in a lunatic asylum or turned out of a scientific society". He published several papers on his work but one to the Royal Society for publication in its Journal in 1871 was rejected. A thing which was a stigma in itself, as he wrote to Douglas Home, whose psychic phenomena was the major subject of the paper.

It isn't likely that Home could give Crookes any inkling of the invisible Forces that brought them together, judging from his conversation with Meade Layne in 1948; but Katie King may have at one of the test seances in 1874. During one of them she gathered the Crookes children about her and told them stories of her life in India. At the final session, according to Chesney's article, "Katie called each member of the circle aside and in private gave them certain instructions regarding future guidance and the protection of Miss Cook, whose health was deteriorating rapidly from the strain placed on her."

Then, in the early 1880s, the Theosophical leader, A.P. Sinnett, returned to London from India. He and Crookes became acquainted. As a result of this the scientist joined the Theosophical Society, again braving the sarcastic reactions of his research colleagues. Sinnett was in physical communication with the Masters who guided the Society from the Inner Planes. This was through the mediumship of H.P. Blavatsky.

By that time, Sir William's reputation as a scientist was well established. His psychic researches had lead him to postulate a fourth state of matter. In 1875 he perfected his radiometer, the little gadget which proved beyond any shadow of a doubt that light, and other radiant energies, have weight and can effect physical bodies. Nowadays radiometers, the little, four-armed pinwheels mounted inside a vacuum glass bulb, can be bought at any curio store. They spin merrily when light strikes the white side of each arm. In Crookes's day the radiometer hit the materialistic scientific world like a bombshell. Four years later he presented his famous paper on Matter in the Fourth State to the Royal Society.

Sinnett had this letter from Mahatma Morya: "So the great Mr. Crookes has placed one foot across the threshold (of the

Outer Court), for the sake of reading the Society's papers? Well and wisely done, and really brave of him. Heretofore he was bold enough to take similar step (the investigation of spiritualism), and loyal enough to truth to disappoint his colleagues by making his facts public. When he was reading his invaluable paper, smothered in the 'Sections,' and the whole Royal Society trying to cough him down, metaphorically, if not actually, as its Sister Society in America did to that martyr Hare (well-known American chemist of that time), he little thought how perfect a revenge Karma had in store for him.

"We have no favourites, break no rules. If Mr. Crookes would penetrate Arcana beyond the corridors, the tools of science have already excavated, let him -- TRY. He tried and found the Radiometer; tried again and found Radiant matter; may try again and find the Kama-Rupa of matter -- its fifth state. But to find its Manas (mind) he would have to pledge himself stronger to secrecy than he seems inclined to do."

THE HIGHEST HONOR

The "revenge of Karma" the Mahatma referred to was really a reward which was still years ahead of Sir William, presidency of Britain's Royal Society of Science for two years, 1913-1915.

The reader might do well to refresh his memory on the seven sub-states of physical matter by referring back to Chapter or Lesson Five of this Series on the Invisible Reality Behind Appearances, in the Part II book. There on page 33 you will see a chart of the seven sub-levels in relation to the Four Worlds of the Kabalist. We'll name them again using the terminology of the Western Tradition, counting from the ground up: 1. Physical or Solids, 2. Liquids, 3. Gases, 4. Chemical Ether, 5. Life Ether, 6. Light Ether, 7. Reflecting Ether.

Dr. Chesney reminds us that "Sir William invented the Crookes' tube, still used by physicians and hospitals everywhere, the spinthariscopes, still widely used for detecting radioactivity, and the radiometer. He was a Nobel prize winner, and he received the gold medal of the French Academy of Science. He was a member of the British Royal Society, along with Sir Humphrey Davy, Michael Faraday, and many others of history's brightest lights. He wrote a series of most authoritative textbooks on analytical chemistry, edited several scientific publications and served as a lecturer in the best universities in England. He discovered one of the natural elements, thallium. Most gold money in circulation is the result of Crookes' groundwork in the amalgamation of metals. His work on the use of carbolic acid as a surgical antiseptic saved uncounted lives."

And it was the seeing of Crookes' articles on psychic research in print that encouraged Jacolliot to publish his!

Jaccoliot made this shrewd observation about the corrupt priesthood of India, the same one that the Savior called the Buddha tried to reform over two thousand years earlier: "The Brahmins have tried to make everything subordinate to their religion, and we know that in religious matters there are no scientific experiments or proof. . . From the remotest antiquities the pundits of the pagodas have been in the habit of bursting vessels by the use of compressed steam. They have also observed many electrical phenomena, but that has not led to the construction of railroads or telegraph. . ."

Of to the upliftment of their fellow Hindus, he might have added. The priesthoods of the world religions, Hinduism, Judaism, Mohammedanism, Zoroastrianism, Buddhism, Catholicism, Confucianism, are all dedicated to the worship of the past, not the present, and certainly not of the future. So there isn't much hope for the masses where the priests dominate and control the political and economic life of a nation.

BORDERLAND RESEARCH IN THE HOLY CITY

Louis Jaccoliot took his vacation in Benares, the Holy City of India, the middle of January 1866. Pulling strings from behind the veil, the Mahatmas saw to it that his thirst for occult knowledge would be slaked in full measure. He hoped to find a cottage where he would be free to pursue his studies during his stay. Instead he was offered quarters in the seven-story palace belonging to the Peishwa, a Mahabaratta prince. He had an apartment on the top floor, overlooking the Ganges, next to the celebrated Mosque of Aurengzeb. This gave him all the privacy and leisure he wanted.

The Peishwa had another guest, a Faqueer from Trivanderam, staying for three weeks in a little thatched cottage next to the palace, on the banks of the river. The Faqueer was there to do the necessary rites for a wealthy Malabar merchant, recently died, whose remains he had brought with him from the south of India. The merchant must have paid a pretty penny to some pagoda for this rigamarole, designed to relieve him of a substantial sum of money to place him on the right hand of Brahma in Nirvana, no doubt. With all the thousands upon thousands of orphan children in India, crying for foster fathers, for food, for love, for guidance, and this Faqueer wasting three weeks praying over the ashes of a dead man!

Well. the Mahatmas found some use for him during that time, his powers helped convince a doubting Frenchman of the reality of the Spirit world and of Spirit contact. Out of that experience came a substantial contribution to the kind of understanding which would lead science and religion to live in harmony, through the blending of Oriental Mysticism and Western Materialism.

The lower grades of Faqueers would not have suited the purposes of the Mahatmas. I'm speaking now of the kind seen outside the temples or pagodas seated on a bed of spikes, or waiting to perform that or some other physical harshness for a tourist or spectator who will toss him a few rupees.

Ouspensky had seen such and taken pictures of them during his tour of India in the early 1900s, before World War I. Then in Gurdjieff's class in St. Petersburg in 1916, he asked about them.

Gurdjieff told Ouspensky that the average temple Faqueer is a reject. He has probably been bought from his parents at an early age for experimental purposes by the priests, for practice. If the boy does show promise of developing on into the monk or yogin categories, he is encouraged to do so. If it's a young soul in which emotions and mind have had no development as yet, he stays in the Faqueer class, good only for physical demonstrations.

The occult teacher asked Ouspensky if he had noticed that the Faqueer was probably in a stupor or semi-trance while going through his act. No, the Russian student of occultism hadn't noticed, particularly. To which his teacher replied that this was most likely the case. The Faqueer had been taught a key word, by which he could put himself in trance, and thus make himself insensitive to pain.

Such a life, of course, is the epitome of selfishness, of uselessness, except for the fact that the small sums he earns from spectators and from the faithful, add to the wealth of the pagoda. But Covindasamy had more on the ball. He could be sent to work with a higher class of customers.

It was with considerable foresight that the Mahatmas arranged for Jaccolliot's further researches to be conducted with a Faqueer from the south. Communication between them was simplified. They had a common language, Tamil. This in itself helped create a bond of fellowship between two strangers alone in a northern city where neither spoke the local tongue. Louis suggested the terrace of the apartment, which was lighter and cooler, for the demonstrations.

MANIFESTING THE SPIRITS

After the greetings, Covindasamy assumed the usual squatting position.

"Will you allow me to put to you a single question?" asked Louis in Tamil.

"I am listening to you."

"Do you know whether any power is developed in you, when you perform these phenomena? Did you ever feel any change take place in your brain or in any of your muscles?"

"It is not a natural force that acts," replied the Faqueer. "I am but an instrument. I evoke the ancestral spirits, and it is they who manifest their power."

This merely confirmed what Jacolliot had learned from other priests and Faqueers, but had so far refused to believe. "They look upon themselves only as intermediaries between this world and the invisible spirits."

THE ROD OF POWER IN USE

Proud and eager to display his accomplishments to the foreigner, the Franguy. Covindasamy rose and extended his hands and arms toward a huge bronze vase full of water. Within five minutes the vase began to rock gently back and forth and move toward the Faqueer. Louis was surprised to hear regular sounds from it, as though it were being struck with a metal rod. Could it be that the etheric sound disturbed or upset the normal gravity relationship between vase and water and the earth? In any event, the levitation phenomenon of the seance room offers a promising field of research for the scientist interested in anti-gravity.

The Frenchman asked if he could give directions. The Faqueer readily consented. At his commands the vase moved readily forward, backward, and sideways, to the accompaniment of the metallic sounds. Louis pulled out his watch and asked that the sounds be struck every ten seconds. They were so struck.

Then he bethought himself of the music box among the furnishings of the apartment. He ordered a servant to bring it, wound it up, and the strains of Robin of the Wood tinkled out over the terrace. The invisible etheric rod kept perfect time. The next piece was the march from The Prophet. Jacolliot wrote that the rod kept perfect time to that "with quick, sharp strokes . . . without fuss, parade or mystery. . . the bronze vase, when empty, could hardly have been moved by two men. . . What was the force that moved this mass?"

The show wasn't over yet for that day. The Faqueer moved to the vase and put his fingers on the edge. It tilted slowly from side to side in regular rhythm. The amazing thing was the water in the vase tilted also! It was brim full. Not a drop spilled out though the tilt was as much as eight inches from the floor!

That was it for this first demonstration of physical will, by an almost naked Hindu. Probably the shaken Frenchman was glad to have time to think over and adjust his disturbed beliefs before the next onslaught of daylight phenomena on the morrow.

The vase full of water was the center of operations the second day. After his usual preliminary routine of chanting and outstretched hands the water in the vase became agitated. Yet none spilled over the brimful edge? Violent agitation caused the waves to stand as high as a foot above the edge of the vase. To an engineer this would indicate that the water was moved by at least two opposing forces, to create standing waves like that.

After there was enough of this Covindasamy asked for a small piece of wood. Louis offered a pencil. This was allowed to float on the now quiet water. As the Faqueer pointed at it, the pencil slowly but surely sank until it rested on the bottom -- until the show was over. Then of course it came up to the surface again.

MORE LEVITATION

Jacolliot had brought with him from Ceylon an ironwood cane. When the show began on the third day, the Faqueer asked for a stick, any stick, and the Frenchman offered the cane. The Hindu leaned his right hand heavily on the cane while seated cross-legged on the floor. He fixed his eyes on the floor and chanted. Slowly but surely his body rose from the floor in that position, hand still on the head of the cane.

The greatly impressed psychic researcher got a ruler and measured the height of the levitation at its maximum. It was two feet. The Faqueer never lost his concentration. He was in a partial trance. The suspension of the force of gravity lasted twenty minutes.

Upon leaving, the Faqueer promised the Franguy that his French ancestors would visit him at midnight that night. To forestall any possibility of fraud Louis double checked his apartment before retiring. The place was accessible only by one stairway. This could be drawn up at any time. With the servants gone whoever occupied the place could be assured of complete privacy.

Jacolliot was awakened by two sharp blows on the wall of his room. It was exactly midnight! There was another blow on a glass lampshade. He rushed to inspect. No one there! Then there were other erratic sounds in the cedar rafters overhead. He went out on the terrace. Below him the Ganges was burnished silver in the bright moonlight. And there was the Faqueer, all alone by the placid river, immobile, silently chanting prayers for the soul of the dead Malabar merchant.

Again the French judge had much to think about. He was loaded with questions for the next session of psychic research.

The day of the fourth visit the Faqueer walked in to the apartment unannounced. Jacolliot observes that these holy men have this privilege throughout India, entering the presence of the highest personages without previous warning. It was evening.

"Well," said Jacolliot, "the sounds were heard as you predicted. The Faqueer is very skillful."

"The Faqueer is nothing. He utters the proper mantrams and the spirits here them. It was the ancestral shades of the Franguy who paid him a visit."

"Have you the power over the spirits of foreigners?"

"No one has power over the spirits," replied Covindasamy.

"I did not express myself properly," said Louis. "How does it happen that the souls of the Franguys should grant the requests of a Hindu? They do not belong to your caste."

"There are no castes in the spirit world."

Surely this is one of the most revealing remarks in the entire dialog.

"Then it was my ancestors who appeared last night?"

"You have said it," replied the Faqueer.

This was his invariable answer when he had led the Frenchman into making a summary statement of the causes behind the phenomena.

In this fourth visit the Faqueer seated himself cross-legged on a bamboo stool, arms folded across his chest. After awhile the stool began to move across the floor, in short jerks of four or five inches. His progress continued in this way to the end of the terrace, seven yards in all. It took ten minutes by the judge's watch. Then stool and Faqueer moved back along the same path in the same way, to their starting place. This performance was repeated twice more while Jacolliot watched.

The terrace was being fanned that hot evening by a punkah, a ceiling suspended mat pulled back and forth by a servant. The Faqueer took the rope from the servant and squatted down. He placed the rope against his forehead. Soon the punkah started to move, back and forth, faster and faster. The reality of this phenomenon fully established, Jacolliot asked the Faqueer to drop the rope. The punkah gradually slowed down and finally stopped. This pointed up a very, very important principle, and the Faqueer

confirmed it, contradicting his own phony humility.

HUMANS ARE NECESSARY

One of the most important points to be emphasized here and now is this. We are important! Whether it is gods or devils trying to get results here in this physical world, human beings are absolutely necessary. So don't belittle yourself with any of this phony humility that is so characteristic of the Faqueer or the Monk or Nun type -- that "I-am nothing."

We are important, and if we don't keep up our connections with things, our effort, they just don't get done. God needs us to keep the world going, to keep the solar system going, to keep the Zodiac going, the Milky Way galaxy going. The human life wave on any planet is a very necessary transformer -- a step-down transformer of heavenly or solar energies -- to the three kingdoms below us in evolution: Animal, Vegetable and Mineral.

And Jaccoliot tricked the Faqueer into admitting this. Covindasamy admitted it by saying that when the spirits lose their earthly connection they can do nothing.

It seems that the Breath of Cybele, prana, mana or whatever you choose to call it can be generated only in a living physical body. This power, this vital force, is a special blending of earth negative and sun positive forces, with perhaps moon force as a catalyst. The death of the body means a loss of this capability. Thus the need for mediums.

The Franguy decided that for the fifth day he wanted demonstrations of magnetism and somnambulism. He thought these were produced by the hypnotist or operator. The Faqueer's reply was that such phenomena were also produced by the Pitris, the spirits. Period!

Jaccoliot asked that some light object be made immovable, charged with magnetism as he called it. This was a term popular with the French hypnotists and mesmerisers of his day. He placed a light teakwood table in the middle of the floor. It was so light it could be lifted with a finger and thumb.

This charging took some little time. The Faqueer stood there, immobile, for fifteen minutes, his hands on it and chanting silently.

"The spirits have come. Nobody can remove this table without their permission," said Covindasamy.

Louis found that the little table was indeed immovable. Tugging at it with all his might he broke off a piece of the

ornamental leaf molding around the top. But with his knowledge of magnetism Jacolliot supposed that the little table was charged with it, like a battery, and that the charge would gradually drain away if the connection were broken. He asked the Faqeer to move to the end of the terrace. In a few minutes the stand could be moved easily.

"The Pitris have departed because their means of terrestrial communication was broken," said Covindasamy. "Listen! They come back again."

There was an immense copper platter on a nearby table. These are used by wealthy Hindus for throwing dice. The Faqeer placed his hands on it. Sounds came from the copper like a storm of hail on a metal roof. Phosphorescent lights could be seen playing across its surface.

Then he moved to a toy windmill. There was no breeze to turn the blades naturally. With his hands held above it, the Pitris overshadowing the Faqeer caused the mill to turn unnaturally, with the Breath of Cybele.

Hanging by a string on the wall was a harmoniflute. Presumably this is the 19th Century version of the accordion. Covindasamy moved to that and held the string between thumb and forefinger. The bellows began to move and notes were played. But presumably there were no musicians in the band of spirits working through the Faqeer.

"Can you get a tune?" asked Louis.

"I will evoke the spirit of one of the old pagoda musicians," was the reply.

Even as on earth, a musician had to be sought out in the spirit world and brought to the seventh floor terrace of the palace on the Ganges. This took some time and the two men waited patiently. Finally, the bellows began to move again; there was a brief prelude of notes as the spirit musician got the feel of the instrument; and they heard a popular tune of the day, "Bring Jewels For The Young Maiden of Aroune" -- popular on the Malabar coast, that is, and not in the Holy City of Benares. This indicated that Covindasamy was referring to his home pagoda in the south of India.

Jacolliot could see the keys being pressed down but he could not see the ghostly or etheric fingers, matter in the Fourth State, of the musician. If he was to be favored with materializations, they would have to await another day. Meanwhile, another display of magnetic power was in store for him. There was a vase of beautifully colored feathers handy. Co-

vindasamy took a handful of these and tossed them into the air. As a feather descended, he put a hand under it and caused it to rise to the ceiling and stick there. One after another he made the feathers spiral up, and then left for the day. Eventually, losing their charge of magnetism, they returned to the floor again. Jacolliot left them there in their beautiful, random pattern, to remind himself of the remarkable phenomena he had witnessed that day.

"Night had no sooner come with its refreshing coolness," he wrote, "than I embarked upon the dingui which lay at the quay, and ordered the cercar to let the boat drift down the river with the current. Influenced, in spite of myself, by the incomprehensible phenomena I had just witnessed, I felt as though I wanted to change my surroundings, instead of groping my way dreamily among the metaphysical speculations of the past. I also felt the need of pleasanter sensations always accompanying a night upon the Ganges, soothed by the song of the Hindu boatmen and the distant cry of savage beasts."

THE WISDOM OF THE KABALA

If Louis Jacolliot had only known it, there was an enlightened Frenchman living, writing and practicing magick in Paris who might have been of help to him at that time. It was the Kabalist, Eliphas Levi. Several Englishmen learned of Levi's work and came to value it in the establishment of their own occult organization, the Golden Dawn. Among them were Mac Gregor Mathers and Dr. Wynn Westcott. It is likely that the English edition of "Occult Science In India" came to their attention when it was published in 1884 -- if they hadn't already read it in the French.

One of the initiates of the Golden Dawn in later years was Dion Fortune. Judging from the value and quality of her writings, and of her school, The Society of the Inner Light, she was one of the chief beneficiaries of the earlier work of Mathers and Westcott. In her work "The Training and Work of an Initiate", her remarks on the production and control of etheric energies -- for producing magick of the kind witnessed by Jacolliot -- are most appropriate.

"The link between matter and mind is to be found in the etheric sub-planes of existence. Be it noted that the occultist does not class the ether and its sub-planes as a separate plane, but as among the sub-planes of the physical plane (as shown in our chart of the Four Worlds), thus clearly indicating that no hard and fast line can be drawn between matter in its denser states and matter in its etheric states; the difference is one of degree, not of kind. The three denser sub-planes of the ether are associated respectively with heat, light, and electricity,

and the fourth, of which the modern scientist knows nothing, is the Akasha, or Astral Light of the ancients, the point of contact of mind with matter and the raw material of magic."

It is well to remind ourselves here that only the ignorant think that mind can affect matter directly. It cannot. Mind has to work on matter through a medium and that medium is etheric energies. The "how" of that working is one of the secrets of the occult lodges, as indicated by the Mahatma Morya in his letter to Sinnett, that Crookes would have to take a vow of silence before the secrets of matter in its higher states could be revealed to him.

If conditions are not right, between mind, Akasha and matter, no phenomena can be performed. This was noted in the work of D.D. Home. In the case of a professional medium, he has to resort to trickery to be sure to give his audience their money's worth, thus the constantly recurring charges of fraud.

Without realizing why, of course, Jacolliot experienced this on the second day of Covindasamy's visits. This was the day the water was agitated so violently in the bronze vase. It was an hour before there was any manifestation of magickal power at all! All that time the Faqueer stood there motionless, hands outstretched over the still surface. Louis had almost given up hope that there would be any phenomena that day, little realizing that he was one of the causes. His powerful, sceptical mind was creating static which continually destroyed the stream of force as rapidly as the controlling Spirits tried to build it up.

And looking over his text, I see that the Faqueer did more than merely look at the pencil to force it down through the water to the bottom of the vase. He placed his finger lightly on it for several moments. Jacolliot surmised, probably correctly, that the touch conveyed a charge of magnetic fluid to the wood, causing a change in its specific gravity, making it heavy enough to sink.

THE "JACOB'S LADDER" OF CONTROL

"The Akasha is capable of being moulded by the emotional forces of the astral plane," continues Dion Fortune, "and in its turn is capable of influencing the other etheric sub-planes, but it cannot influence dense matter. The ethers, however, in their kinetic states as heat, light, and electricity, can influence dense matter; and so, if we know how to use it, we have a line of communication between mind and matter, via the Akasha, or Astral Light, and it is this Jacob's Ladder that is used by initiates in their work.

"Every manifested form has a certain modicum of Akasha built into its substance, some more, some less. About every form, whe-

ther it is a diatom or a planet, there is an electric field of magnetic stresses. It is this electro-magnetic field, plus the modicum of astral light, which is the vehicle of the life-forces and transmitter of the messages of the mind. Consequently, when the occultist performs operations on the physical plane, it is this etheric body he is working with, and not dense matter. If he uses material objects or substances at all, it is solely on account of the etheric element in their composition. For instance, crystals and pure metals have the largest proportions of etheric substance of anything in inanimate Nature; alloys, or any composite substance, are practically useless from the occult point of view because their etheric double does not form a cohesive whole, but is of two types of vibration."

Elsewhere, Dion Fortune points out that wood, cloth and paper are poor carriers of the extra magnetic charge of mana or prana for successful magickal operations. It leaks away too quickly.

"It is these substances, therefore, highly refractive crystals and pure unalloyed metals, that were used by the ancients for the construction of charms and amulets. That their faith in them was not rooted in pure superstition is proved by the fact that the electrician also finds that he requires pure, unalloyed metals in his batteries and circuits; and that the crystal is used as a detector in wireless telegraphy because it is susceptible to the vibrations of the ether, thus confirming the occultist, who says that the crystal is the most magical of physical substances because it is the most etheric."

THE CHALLENGE OF THE SIXTH VISIT

Covindasamy arrived so early for the sixth show that he sent word by Louis' servant. He was afraid the Frenchman had not arisen. As Louis put it, "The gath of Siva was hardly gilded by the first rays of the rising sun".

One reason was that the Faqueer from Travinderam had completed his prayer mission for the wealthy Malabar merchant's soul and was to return to the south the next day. In fact two shows were planned for that day; for Covindasamy wanted to demonstrate all of his powers "appealing to all the Pitris who assisted him".

"Saranai-aya," he greeted Jacolliot upon entering, "tomorrow is the day of my return to the land of my ancestors."

"My best wishes will accompany you," replied the Franguy. "I hope that you will find that your abode has been respected by the evil spirits during your absence."

Covindasamy immediately sat on the floor and spread out a

bag of fine sand he had brought with him. It made a "writing surface" about half a yard square. He then asked Louis for a small stick. Jacolliot tossed him a pen holder. This he laid gently on the sand. Then he had the judge sit opposite him at a table with paper and pencil.

"I am about to evoke the Pitris," said Covindasamy. "When you see the stick stand upright, one end only being in contact with the ground, you are at liberty to trace upon the paper any figures you please, and you will see an exact copy of them in the sand."

As usual, he lifted his hands and arms horizontally in front of him and began to chant. In a few moments wooden pen holder rose to a vertical position, one point resting in the sand. As Louis began to trace his first random figure the pen holder moved in identical fashion, copying his every move.

The Faqueer was motionless. There was no physical contact between him and the pen holder. Jacolliot even got up and moved around to check if the entranced man could see his writings on the table. He could not. The borderland researcher then made a closer check of the sand figures with his, "They were exactly alike."

Covindasamy broke his trance and levelled the sand, and said, "Think of a word in the language of the gods -- Sanscrit."

"Why that language particularly?"

"Because the Pitris use that immortal medium of speech more easily than any other. The impure are not allowed to use it."

Without disputing that religious conviction of the Hindu, Jacolliot thought of the word Pouroucha -- a significant one considering the nature of the proceedings; for it meant "the Celestial Generator".

The pen holder lifted up again and wrote the word without hesitation. Then Louis was asked to think of a phrase.

"I have done so," was the reply.

The pen holder wrote, "Adicete Veikountam Haris." These Sanscrit words translate, "Vishnu sleeps upon Mt. Eikonta."

"Can the spirit by whom you are inspired give the 243rd sloca of the fourth book of Manu?"

The words were scarcely finished when the pen holder began to move again. Letter by letter it spelled out the 243rd sloca

which translates: "The man, the end of all whose actions is virtue, and all whose sins are wiped out by acts of piety and sacrifices, reaches the celestial mansions, radiant with light and clothed with a spiritual form."

READING A CLOSED BOOK

Jacolliot bethought himself of the next test. He placed his hands on a book "containing extracts from hymns in the Rig-Veda". He asked for "the first word of the fifth line of the twenty-first page".

The pen moved again and spelled out Devadatta, appropriately enough, "Given by a god."

Of course, the Pitris might have impressed Jacolliot to make that choice. If he was aware of it he didn't mention it in his text.

Then Covindasamy asked him to put a mental question to the Pitris. Jacolliot agreed with a nod of the head, thinking this: "Who is our common mother?"

The answer was written on the sand in Sanscrit, Vasundara, and that is The Earth.

MORE PSYCHO-KINETICS

The sitting had been long. It was mid-morning by then and getting hot. Jacolliot needed a break and moved over to the edge of the terrace, looking down into the welcome green of the garden. There a metor, a servant, was raising water from a well, rope over pulley, a bucket at a time, to feed a pipe leading to a bath.

Covindasamy had followed him and dedided again to give one of those spontaneous demonstrations of magickal action-at-a-distance in which there could be no evidence of fraud. He raised his hand and directed a stream of force at the well. The rope jammed in the pulley block and would not move.

Jacolliot knew from experience that the servant would take advantage of this mishap to chant some magickal incantations, learned at a high price at some pagoda. Hindus always attributed misfortunes to the intervention of evil spirits, who had to be driven away by ritual. And the chanting was always done, as Louis observed with distaste "in that sharp nasal tone which is so lacerating to the European ear".

But no sonner had the metor started chanting than his voice died away in his throat! For Covindasamy's hand was still outstretched toward his subject in the garden below. Totally unaware of the cause of his troubles, the water-hauler contorted himself

vainly in an effort to produce sound. Finally, Covindasamy lowered his hand and turned away. The rope was suddenly free in the pulley block. The metor recovered his voice.

Perhaps it was more than natural heat that Jacolliot found oppressive that morning. It was the internal light of his own understanding, beating fiercely against the constricting, pre-conceived ideas of life pounded into him by his French background. Back at the scene of the demonstrations he commented on the heat to the Faqueer, who seemed lost in contemplation. On a nearby table lay a fan. This silently lifted up and floated toward the Frenchman, to fan him with an exceptionally refreshing, cooling breeze. At the same time his ears were haunted "with the melodious sounds of a human voice" but as though from a distance. This gave him the impression that he was bewitched -- which he was, in a way.

The Faqueer had been up all night praying. He had to return to his cottage for some breakfast and rest. There was still enough vital energy available for one final demonstration. In the doorway to the apartment he stopped, folded his arms over his chest, and levitated. Gold and silver bands bordering the silken hanging behind the Hindu gave the Frenchman a rough measure of the height of the anti-gravity demonstration. The bottoms of the man's feet were level with the sixth band. This proved to be eight inches from the floor. By Louis' watch the Hindu stayed at that height for five minutes. He was off the floor for eight minutes altogether.

"Can you repeat that phenomenon whenever you please?"

"The Faqueer," he repeated emphatically, "can lift himself up as high as the clouds."

"What is the source of your power?"

"Swadyaye nityayouka syat ambarad avatarati deva."
(He should be in constant communication with heaven, and a superior spirit should descend therefrom.)

SPONTANEOUS VEGETATION

Believe it or not, the French judge was still hoping to find evidence of fraud in the manifestations he was seeing, still clinging to the materialistic science of his European education. He had already seen demonstrations of the forced growth of plants under the rituals of Faqueers. He had also read Lazarist Abbe Huc's description of the same phenomenon seen in Tibet a number of years earlier (1846) and described in Huc's "Souvenirs". But Louis thought it was a cunning trick when he read it and still thought so when he saw it himself in India. Now, under the con-

trolled conditions of his own apartment, he hoped to uncover the trick for sure. With his closed mind, Jacolliot still could not bring himself to believe that spirits were directing the Faqueer's vital forces; thus he was not aware that his mind was an open book to these Controls; nor that they might be suggesting to him the phenomena which he desired to see!

So, Jacolliot "thought he would be highly surprised when, upon his arrival, I told him what I intended."

"I am entirely at your service," replied Covindasamy, in his usual simple way.

"Will you allow me to choose the earth, the vessel, and the seed, which you are to make grow before my eyes?"

"The vessel and the seed, yes; but the earth must be taken from a nest of carias."

Covindasamy was here referring to the common white ants of India, whose nests are everywhere. These sometimes reach a height of a dozen feet or more. The ants mix a milky substance from themselves to mold and harden the earth. Jacolliot's servant would have no trouble finding a little of this special earth to put in a flowerpot; nor a broad assortment of garden seeds. Jacolliot wanted to be sure to make this choice himself, and he assumed he was mentally free to make it!

He chose a pawpaw seed and marked it with a couple of little nicks, before handing it and the earth-filled pot to the Faqueer. The magician also asked for a foot-and-a-half square of white cloth, with which to cover the pot during the ceremony. This latter reminds us of the curtains of the seance room. Spirits say these are necessary to concentrate the ectoplasm and keep it from leaking away, as well as to protect the entranced medium.

CATALEPTIC TRANCE, THE SLEEP OF SPIRITS

"I shall soon sleep the sleep of the spirits," said Covindasamy. "You must promise me that you will neither touch me personally nor the flower pot."

This promise the French judge readily gave! The Faqueer churned the special earth in the pot to liquid mud, planted the seed in it, and also thrust his little seven-jointed bamboo stick in on one side, as a prop to hold up the covering cloth which was now placed over the pot on the floor. He then sat down before the pot in his usual cross-legged position, or yoga asana, raised hands and arms to the horizontal, and "gradually fell into a deep cataleptic sleep". Jacolliot wasn't even sure this trance was genuine until half an hour had passed.

In all that time the Faqueer had not stirred, twitched, nor moved a muscle. "With his body almost entirely naked, his skin polished and glistening in the heat, and open and staring eyes, the Faqueer looked like a bronze statue in a position of mystical evocation."

At the end of an hour there was still no change. Except that the judge was forced to change his position of observation. He couldn't endure the "magnetic influences" coming from those staring eyes. He himself was being caught up in the vortex of etheric forces generated by the Faqueer and his Pitris. He sensed that a whirling dance was going on around him, with the Faqueer, out of his body, taking part. It was unpleasant to experience; so Louis moved to the end of the terrace from whence he could keep an eye on the motionless magician and still occasionally break the tension -- for himself -- by looking out over the river and the holy city.

Two hours had gone by when a low sigh from the Faqueer startled him. The trance was broken. He was invited to come see the results of the ritual. There was a young pawpaw stalk "fresh and green, and nearly eight inches high". The Faqueer carefully removed the young plant from the earth and showed the sceptic the remains of the seed hull. On it were the two notches Louis had cut to identify it. He could not help showing surprise. The Faqueer was obviously proud of his achievement.

"If I had continued my evocations longer, the pawpaw tree would have borne flowers in eight days, and fruit in fifteen."

But the Franguy remonstrated with him. In his "Souvenirs" Huc wrote of seeing a fruit-bearing tree produced in two hours. He had seen the same thing himself since coming to India!

"You are mistaken," replied the Faqueer. "In the manifestations you speak of, there is an apport of an already mature tree by the spirits. What I have just shown you is really spontaneous vegetation; but the pure fluid, under the direction of the Pitris, never was able to produce the three phases of germination, flowering and fruitage in a single day."

Jacolliot knew that some Indian kitchen plants will sprout in one day under favorable conditions, but the normal sprouting time for a pawpaw is fifteen days. It was sunset then and they broke for ablutions, with the Faqueer to return at ten that evening for the final big show.

THE EIGHTH AND FINAL VISIT

"Is not the Faqueer fatigued by three weeks of watching and prayer?" asked Jacolliot as the magician quietly entered his

"The Faqueer's body is never fatigued. It is a slave, whose only duty is obedience," answered the Hindu, sententiously.

He had stripped himself of even his little breech-cloth, saying that "nothing impure should come in contact with the body" of the magician "if he wishes to reserve his power of communication with the spirits unimpaired".

Jacolliot had thoroughly checked and locked his apartment. There was good light in the two rooms. The Faqueer's only preparation was to set the usual little Indian copper furnace in the middle of the room and see that it had a good supply of burning coals. Beside this was the usual copper tray of powdered incense, sandalwood, iris root, and myrrh. A pinch of this could be scattered on the burning coals from time to time as needed.

The Faqueer seated himself on the floor as usual. This time he folded his arms over his chest "and commenced a long incantation in an unknown tongue". With this over he placed his left hand over his heart and leaned his right on his seven-jointed bamboo stick of initiation, his "wand of power".

VISIBLE ASTRAL LIGHT

Eventually Jacolliot was startled to see a "phosphorescent cloud" forming in the atmosphere in the middle of the room. Hands materialized in the cloud and moved with great rapidity. He counted as many as sixteen at one time, some opaque others transparent. He wondered aloud if he might touch them. The Pitri owner of one pair moved rapidly to him and pressed her hand into his. At least to him "it was small, supple and moist, like the hand of a young woman".

"The spirit is present, though one of its hands is alone visible," said Covindasamy. "You can speak to it, if you wish."

Jacolliot wanted something in the way of a keepsake. The hand faded from his, flew to a bouquet, plucked a rosebud which it threw at his feet, and vanished. This performance went on for two hours. Hands brushed his face lightly, picked up a fan to cool him, scattered flowers around the room.

Sanscrit characters were formed in living fire before his eyes, long enough for him to read them and note them down. One phrase was "Divyavapour gatwa", meaning "I have clothed myself with a fluidic body. Another phrase was, "Atmanam creyasa yoxyatas dehasya 'sya vimocanant." This translates to "You will attain happiness when you lay aside this perishable body." Flashes of lightning darted through both rooms.

When this phenomena ceased the Faqueer asked Jacolliot to heap more coals on the fire in the copper furnace. A new, more

opaque cloud of ectoplasm formed near the furnace. It slowly assumed human form, that of an old Brahmin priest, kneeling by it. This was probably the Faqueer's guru on the Inner Planes and the Control, at the lower Astro-Etheric levels, of the all the phenomena the Frenchman had witnessed the past few days. This was his final moment of triumph.



5 LE PAPE 17

Tarot trump No. 5 represents the teacher-pupil relationship between the Faqueer and his Guru, or the student and his master, on the formal level of an organized priesthood, demanding full obedience and the sacrifice of all personal desires. This is not the Fourth Way but only preparation for it.

A more accurate designation of the Fifth Trump would be The Heirophant, the head of any occult organization, but the French origins of Knapp's deck are obvious.

Jacolliot writes that he could see "the sign of his consecration to Vishnu" on the forehead of Covindasamy's guru, "while his body (probably otherwise naked) was girdled with the triple cord, which signified that he had been initiated into the priestly cast".

That body was now substantial enough for the priest himself to pick up a pinch of incense and throw it on the burning coals. Thick smoke filled both rooms. Matter in the fourth state, released from burning gases, gives an extra supply of plasma for the use of the Pitris. Burning wax is another quick, clean source. These and the sublimated sexual energies of the magician are major sources of energy necessary for the production of phenomena -- including the answers to prayers.

Jacolliot could see the Brahmin's lips moving. His clasped hands were above his head. He was probably praying to a Higher Power for the thing wanted, a fully materialized physical body with which he could greet the borderland researcher at his own level.

The spectre, as Jacolliot called it, "held out to me its fleshless hands. I took them in my own, as I returned his greeting, and was surprised to find them, though hard and bony, warm and lifelike" The flabbergasted jurist could only ask, "Are you

really a former inhabitant of earth?"

Instead of replying in words, the old Brahmin caused the Sanscrit word Am to appear in letters of living fire on his breast. This meant "yes".

"Will you not leave me something as a token of your presence?"

For answer the Brahmin snapped the triple cord around his loins and handed it to the Frenchman. It was solid cotton cord. It was 3-D real. Then the priest faded before his eyes. The seance was over. He moved to the curtains to open up the rooms. The heat in them was stifling even though it was early morning.

Then Jacolliot heard music in the distance, causing him to pause. The Faqueer had not moved yet. Was there to be one more phenomenon to widen the crack in his materialistic thinking? Yes! The musician from the pagodas in ghostly form was in the apartment, walking around, playing the harmoniflute. Louis knew the instrument itself was not in the apartment for the Peishwa had sent for it the day before.

After a circuit of the apartment the ghostly musician disappeared, but the harmoniflute remained! It was 3-D solid, too; for Jacolliot immediately examined it. It was the rajah's. He then rushed to the doors. They were still securely locked. Only he and the Faqueer were there.

ADIEU

The magician's body was covered with perspiration as he arose, to say goodbye and start his journey home to his cottage by the sea. The fondness with which Covindasamy spoke of his mother, of Trivanderam, showed that he wasn't devoid of all human feelings yet.

"Thanks, Malabar," said Jacolliot, "may he who possesses the three mysterious powers protect you as you journey toward the fair land of the South, and may you find joy and happiness have ruled in your cottage during your absence."

The Faqueer answered the Frenchman in even more exaggerated style. But without a "thank you" he accepted the generous presents that were offered for his pagoda. Nevertheless, there was a touch of sadness in the parting, as the Faqueer disappeared through the curtains that hung over the outside door; the two had become friends during those three weeks.

He moved out onto the terrace for a breath of the cool morning air. The first streak of dawn was on the horizon. Down on the Ganges he could see a black speck moving across the "silvery

waves". The Faqueer had aroused the ferryman and was already on his way, after a day and a night of demanding rituals, without rest. He was indeed a perfect example of the developed physical will of the First Way.

Jacolliot was under no such compulsion, of course, and threw him self into a hammock for some much needed sleep. Upon awakening the fantastic materializations of the night before seemed less believable. But there was the harmoniflute, the blossoms still scattered about the floor, the crown of flowers on a divan, "and the words that I had written had not vanished from the memorandum book in which I had jotted them down".

POSTLUDE

Four years later Jacolliot paid a visit to the underground temple of Karli in the Mahratta Hills, province of Aurungabad. It was a rough climb, 300 feet up a dry, rocky stream bed, past ruined citadels, to the disfigured stone carvings of lions which marked the entrance. Like the temple caves of Elephanta, Ellora and others, Karli "is covered with arabesques of sculptured figures of animals and men". The cave is 160 feet deep, the interior "imposing but dismal".

Pilgrims crowd into this holy place from time to time. Many Faqueers are stationed there permanently, practicing their rites "in the Cave of Evocations... where they spend the whole of their time in corporeal mortifications and mental contemplation. . . ."

Louis was shown one Faqueer, the Phantom of Karli, sitting between two blazing fires constantly fed by attendants, emaciated almost beyond belief. He was startled to recognize his companion of the borderland research in the holy city of Benares! There was that telltale scar "running across the whole upper part of his skull". He approached the holy man and asked him, in Tamil, if he remembered the "Franguy of Benares"?

"His almost lifeless eyes seemed to blaze up for a moment, and I heard him murmur the two Sanscrit words which I had seen in phosphorescent letters on the evening of our last sitting"

"Divyavapour gatwa." (I have clothed myself with a fluidic body.)

Jacolliot learned that this protracted suicide is the highest transformation for the Faqueer. This is his ultimate triumph over the body, which is a slave, to slowly starve it to death. As Louis put it, "decrepitude and imbecility appear to be the final end of all Hindu transformed Faqueers".

* * *

CLOTHED WITH A FLUIDIC BODY PART II

J. Gilbert E. Wright was one of the more talented and dedicated of our borderland researchers when Borderland Sciences Research Associates was in its infancy, in the late 1940s. He was a research engineer for General Electric at Schenectady, New York.

It was in the summer of 1948 that Mr. Wright had the opportunity to do some basic psychic research with General Electric's new "black light" flash bulbs, these in combination with Eastman Kodak's Infra-Red film. This film, by the way, has a greater range of sensitivity than the human eye, in both the infra-red and ultra-violet spectra. As you examine the invisible-made-visible pictures of the life force of the entranced medium in the following pictures, what is your guess as to the quality of the radiant energy registering on the film, is it ultra-violet or infra-red? Or both? One thing for sure, it is invisible to normal sight until brought down the Scale of Tangibility to where it is solid enough to reflect the light by which we see.

A close examination of the original prints would show that the ectoplasm drawn from Rev. Iona Brandt's body is a whiter white than the men's shirts and other white objects in the seance room. This indicates that living matter in the Fourth State gives off its own light!

Mr. Wright's pictures are illustrations from a charming little book on spirit communications, "Nathaniel", by Rochester H. Rogers, published in 1950. He was a Rochester, New York attorney. He spent many delightful hours in seance rooms over the years, exchanging ideas and conversation with departed friends and relatives. He was most happy to have the use of Wright's pictures to back up his own experiences, especially materializations.

He writes: "Mr. Wright has devoted nearly fifty years to the study of psychic phenomena and knows what happens, but admits he cannot explain how and why. . . The dead can be of little help, for though they, like the living, know what happens, they do not know how it happens. . . "

Here Rev. Brandt is standing before the curtains of the cabinet, as the seance is about to begin, in Freeville, New York. This picture was taken with ordinary film and flash bulbs, with room lights on.





Note that the ectoplasm is flowing from the medium's nose.



Note the increased ectoplasm flowing from the medium's solar plexus before Rose Marie instructed the curtain tenders to drop them. The curtains serve as a retaining wall for the ectoplasm.



Note that the ectoplasm is now flowing from the medium's solar plexus.



A mass of ectoplasm similar to the above is often seen outside the cabinet either after the materialized body has sunk to the floor or before it builds up from the floor. See Nat's comments at the top of page 84 where he says: "Now I am going down" and "Now I am coming up." Usually the forms build inside the cabinet and return to it.



Note the animated expression of the deceased lady. In due time the Eastman Kodak Company may provide sound movies of our conversations with the dead — so called dead.

In looking over these Infra-red pictures by Wright, remember that the seance room was in total darkness, to the sitters. Nor is it likely that the spirit pictured above was solid enough to have been visible even if the room lights had been on. Some of them might have seen a little vague mist. Rogers was puzzled that the Pitri controlling the session, Rose Marie, allowed a total stranger to materialize. No one in the Freeville group knew her.

"Nathaniel" was published by Christopher Publishing House, Boston, in 1950 at \$2.00 a copy and should be a welcome addition to any borderlander's reference library.

J. Gilbert E. Wright wrote up some of his psychic research experiences for our Round Robin Journal of Borderland Research. Most important were his successful efforts to contact Steinmetz and Edison for information on the construction of a psychic microphone. Their suggestion of the use of silicone "bouncing putty" was helpful. "Two Inventors Return" is the title of BSRA No. 12 which contains Wright's story and illustrations, \$1.25 a copy. It also has the schematic for the electronic ESP stimulator, "Project Apollo".

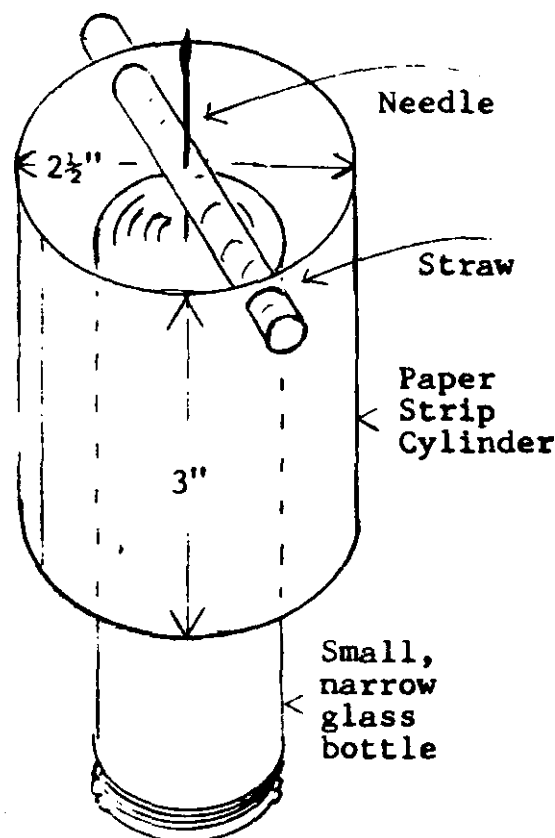
(The "how and why" of spirit manifestation is not really so secret as Mr. Wright and Mr. Rogers believed; for the "secret" has been taught in the Mystery Schools for thousands of years; and some of the details, and practices, have been in print for several generations in the Western world. We quote at length now from the late Air Chief Marshall Lord Dowding's delightful little book on occult science, "Lychgate", published in 1945.)

To revert now to the subject of magnetic healing. I expect that some of you have thought that I have been making an unwarranted assumption when speaking of the "etheric body", or the etheric counterpart of the physical body. If I tell you that this body provides the ectoplasm out of which materializations are built up, you remain unimpressed because you have never seen a materialization and possibly do not want to do so.

Now I tell you that this etheric body is continuously exuding its substance from the finger-tips or toes of the physical body, and that this substance is physical (that is to say, it does not long survive the physical body) although it exists in a gap between the gaseous state and the ultimate physical atom, a gap of which scientists are hitherto ignorant.

You say "Prove it," and I reply "You can prove it for yourself with the homeliest of materials."

Take a strip of paper about $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches long and 3 inches wide (the exact dimensions are immaterial, but the paper should be fairly stiff and preferably rough-surfaced) and gum the ends together so as to form a cylinder 3 inches deep and about $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter. Pierce the cylinder as near as possible to its upper rim and pass a stiff straw through from side to side: take care that the straw passes through the axis of the cylinder, or it will be lopsided. Now push a small needle down through the straw at its middle point and at right angles to its length: the point of the needle should protrude about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch below the lower side of the straw. Now get a thin medicine bottle and stand it upside down on a table, and set the point of the pin on the centre of the glass bottom of the bottle. You will now have your cylin-



der balanced on a practically frictionless pivot and free to revolve under the slightest impulse.

Cup one of your hands round the cylinder with the fingers horizontal, but without touching it, and the cylinder will begin to revolve. If it doesn't revolve for the right hand, it will for the left.

Now if you put the bottle and cylinder in the middle of the room on a small table round which you can easily move, you will find that the direction in which you are facing makes a considerable difference, and if (for instance) you get the maximum rotation with your right hand when facing East, that will be the direction of minimum rotation for the left hand; whereas, if you change round and face West, you will get the maximum rotation for the left hand and the minimum for the right.

This opens up a new line of thought; because it would seem that not only is something coming out from your fingers which is sufficiently substantial to make the cylinder revolve, but that "something" is kindred in its nature to another "something" which varies with the points of the compass.

A later development has been that the cylinder can be made to revolve, without any human influence, under the impulse of that "something" in the atmosphere, in suitable conditions (i.e. when the "current" is flowing strongly). It is only necessary to shield the East or West half of the cylinder with a semi-circular screen of tin or cardboard or glass, so that the current can operate on the exposed half only.

If you play a little with this toy, I think that you will soon convince yourself that draughts, or the warmth of your hands, cannot account for the motion, although the former have of course to be guarded against. The maximum rotation which I have generated in this crude apparatus is about 40 revolutions per minute. This was obtained in both directions with a cylinder made of paper in which I had stabbed a multitude of holes with a pin, in order to increase its surface roughness. The cylinder can be made to revolve, by the influence of the screen, under a draught-proof cellophane cover.

* * *

I believe Lord Dowding was overly optimistic about the possibility of just anyone getting the paper cylinder to revolve, with either hand, sitting in any direction, on the first, or second, or even third try! Nevertheless, this is excellent training in the development of the physical will and every student should add this to his daily routines until he can demonstrate to his own satisfaction that psycho-kinetic energies can be released from his body or aura and directed to do constructive work, especially in the field of healing -- keeping in mind that Spirit help is essential to success!

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